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AMERICAN SOCIALIST

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Workers Must Awaken Or Find Themselves In Irons

(Special Correspondence.)
By LUCIEN SAINT.
WASHINGTON. — Powerful forces are at work for peace in Europe. It will be a peace accompanied by profound and deceptive unbecom. The news of it which the United States will hear will be to the effect that Democracy has won—that militarist Russia and monarchic England have attained laurels over Kaiserdom for the cause of the common people!

American public opinion today and for many years to come is almost certain to be influenced by British public opinion by the rulers of the British Empire. To regain her lost military prestige England must either fight on or else conclude a peace whose terms she herself will advertise to the world as a victory for democracy. This latter course, according to the inside advices from across the Atlantic received here, England will take.

Don't Be Fooled.
The working people of the United States must not be fooled by the terms of peace. They must not be drawn into the feast of international love and humanitarianism which will accompany the signing of the terms of the treaty of peace. They must not think that this is the last great war because everybody, including Germany, will so declare it. The internationalism of the working class must not be surrendered to that of capitalism, exhausted and war-worn.

Already the big monied interests in this part of the world are talking of what they call "the war after the war"—the fierce struggle with the nations of the world for foreign commerce. Already the United States Government is assuming the role of protector of United States capitalists in their scouting expeditions for foreign trade. The press is filled with articles dwelling on the necessity of increasing our production, or else of finding an outlet for our surplus production in foreign lands. The prosperity of the nation depends on the gross quantity of production, declare these articles, and the more we produce the more prosperous a nation are we.

This Is Capitalist World.
If from this moment on thru the conclusion of the terms of peace the working class of the United States fail to grasp the significance of the new movement in international business, it will awaken later to find itself in iron. In spite of all the talk about democracy, the world, after all, is ruled by the capitalists. They control money and credits; they control the expression of public opinion; they control the great monopolies upon which the life of the peoples depend. These capitalists may want democracy for themselves, but they do not want it for the men who make the wealth that supports them and their system. In their eager rush for new fields of business to conquer, the workers are to be left in the lurch. There is no proposition in the business world of America today which thinks of the workers first and of capitalists second.

Wages And Wealth Unchanged.
The treaty of peace about to be concluded will doubtless reappropriate territory and kingdoms. But it will not reappropriate wages and wealth. There can be no peace, no stable, lasting peace in industry till the workers are restored to their heritage, and till the economic war, namely the exploitation of the democracy by the few, is removed and destroyed. Till then, the nations may talk and make peace terms, but the workers, at peace with each other, will continue their war against private profit and ownership of the means of production.

Wall Street "Leaks" Not New In Nation's Capitol

By LUCIEN SAINT.
WASHINGTON. — "Wall Street leaks from Washington"—there's no news in this, despite the fact that stock gambler Lawson says there is. Washington has for years been a subsidiary to Wall Street, a branch office of Wall Street, useful to Wall Street because connecting it with such important things as the Supreme Court, public opinion and the U. S. Treasury.

Up to the Wilson Administration, Wall Street concerns maintained employees in the offices of the government itself, thus obtaining priceless information ahead of the time it was given to the public. Much of this has been changed—but not enough.

Maintain System Of Spies.
Few outside of Washington realize the intricate system of spies and informers maintained in and about the National Capital in the interests of the big business interests. The Kaiser himself is probably less well informed about the activities of his enemies

Two Great Leaflets!

Socialists and Socialist sympathizers the nation over are famous for the great educational work they carry on between campaigns. They are now at work distributing two great leaflets, "Organize Or Pay!" by Adolph Germer, and "The Recent Election," by John M. Work. These are the January and February leaflets in the monthly series now being issued by the national Socialist Party. Has your city or town, or your neighborhood been covered? If not, why not?

Half a million of "Organize Or Pay!" have already been run off the press and the last 100,000 is going fast. The press is now being made ready for a record run on Work's leaflet, "The Recent Election," published in last week's American Socialist.

The price of these leaflets is 10 cents per 100, 60 cents per 1,000, which just covers the cost of production. Send all orders to the National Office, Socialist Party, 803 W. Madison St., Chicago.

Socialists in the Russian Duma were gagged during the recent debates on the German peace proposals, according to Stockholm newspaper advices. The reports say the Socialists would undoubtedly have voted against refusal of the peace plea if they had been permitted to register their opinion. The "mean tricks" of the president of the Duma, it was asserted, prevented all possibility of a true state of opinion becoming known.

Van Lear, Socialist, Is Mayor Of Minneapolis

Thomas Van Lear, the second Socialist mayor of a large city, has taken up his duties as mayor of Minneapolis, Minn. He was inaugurated Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 2, and for the first time in its history Minneapolis has a working class representative as its chief executive. Mayor Van Lear has four supporters in the city council, Comrades Dight, Bastis, Joelker and Jensen. There is also a Socialist on the park board and one on the school board.

There was an historical scene in the crowded council chambers as Wallace G. Nye, the "big business" mayor, retired from office and gave way to the spokesman of the masses, Van Lear, official of the International Machinists' Union.

Will War On Vice.

Mayor Van Lear in his inaugural address to the new council indicated a strict policy of law enforcement toward the liquor traffic, relentless warfare against men and women property owners who profit thru rentals and by the earnings of fallen women, the establishment and maintenance of a municipal employment bureau, in cooperation with the state, as the right of those who toil, and reiterated his position, taken during the campaign, on the street railway franchise renewal.

The Socialist mayor declared his belief that a fair valuation had not yet been made by either the company or the city engineer. He flatly declared the valuation named by the company was, in his opinion, \$20,000,000 too high, and he believed a report by a competent expert on such matters would positively establish the accuracy of his assertion.

Protects Workers' Rights.

Mayor Van Lear gave what he considered the essential features of a street railway franchise. One of the essentials, he pointed out, was that, "Employees should have the full right to organize for self-protection."

He strongly supported the movement for a municipal market, and urged the council to continue its activities along that line until they reached a successful conclusion. He felt that such a market would strike a blow at the high cost of living.

He urged the beautifying of the Mississippi River front and turning it into a public playground.

"It is a sad and humiliating confession to make," he said, in discussing the social evil, "but study of this evil has convinced me that in most instances it is not passion or corrupt inclinations that impel young women along the road to ruin, but the force of actual physical want."

Labor Applauds.

Socialist Mayor Van Lear's statement that he had only pity for the victims of the vice trade, that he would be found without pity toward the city's promoters of profitable prostitution, was roundly applauded.

The labor men gave a hearty hand to his statements touching the responsibility of the city for its unemployed and its duty to protect the right of street railwaymen to organize for their own protection.

Lewis Hartgill, business agent, District No. 48, International Association of Machinists, has been appointed chief of police under the Socialist administration. O. M. Wassing will be Mayor Van Lear's private secretary.

WORKERS SHOW SPIRIT.

The spirit of the organized workers in Minneapolis, now known as "Milwaukee the Second," is shown in demands recently made by the local trades and labor council as follows:

Demand made upon the City Council to seize the food supply of the city if the public welfare demands it. Also, the delegates expressed in no uncertain terms their opinion that the high prices of foods showed conclusively that public welfare did demand such action now.

Grand Jury Investigation Of The high cost of necessities demanded.

Conscription denounced. Universal military training scored. Censuring those seeking to pass any measures tending to abrogate the workers' right to strike.

What is more, a committee was appointed to study the advisability of having the municipality establish a city coal yard, so that both food and coal could be sold directly to the consumer by the city, so as to eliminate the private profiteers who are gambling in the necessities of life.

One of the really significant things about this whole procedure was that all these matters were unanimously approved, there being not a single dissenting voice when they were put to a vote.

Have You Looked about the house to see if that Dime Bank is not laying around. Do it Now. And return it to the office.

How To Get Rich

By JOHN M. WORK.

YOU HAVE often heard it said that the way to get rich is by saving money.

This is correct. But not by saving your own money.

Oh no! The way to get rich is by saving other people's money.

You can figure this out for yourself. Suppose you saved one-third of your income. How long would it be before you would become rich?

About a thousand years, eh?

YOU SEE it can't be done in that way.

It might be started in that way. Some fortunes have been started in that way. But, just the moment when the first few dollars were saved, they were put to work saving other people's money. They were invested so that they would draw an unearned income.

This unearned income may be in the form of profit due to hiring workers and paying them less than they earn.

It may be due to selling goods for more than they are worth.

It may be due to owning stocks and receiving dividends on them.

It may be due to holding a figurehead office in a corporation and drawing a big salary for doing nothing.

It may be due to owning houses and lands or business blocks and drawing rent from them.

And there are various other forms which this unearned income may take.

YOU CAN rest assured that any person who is rich has got into that condition by using one or more of these methods, unless he inherited his wealth.

It follows that all riches are necessarily unearned. They do not belong to those who own them. They merely hold the legal title. In good rights and good morals, this wealth belongs to society as a whole.

Socialism will stop this accumulation of unearned wealth. The thing which makes it possible at the present time is the fact that the industries are owned by private parties and are therefore run for the benefit of the few.

Socialism will make the industries collective property. They will then be run for the benefit of all.

WAR TAX ON LAND.

A great movement of the organized working men of Great Britain to place at least a large part of the cost of the European War on land values was described to the Committee on Industrial Relations by Richard McGhee, Irish Nationalist Member of Parliament who had been a delegate from the Trades and Labor Congress of Great Britain to the Convention of the American Federation of Labor.

On November 11 last, a conference of 600 or more delegates from among all the trades union organizations of Scotland and parts of England was held in the Trades Hall of Glasgow to consider the cost of the war and how to meet it," said Mr. McGhee. "By unanimous vote the delegates declared for a tax on land values and ordered petitions to Parliament to that effect."

"This was much more," declared Mr. McGhee, "than merely carrying on the tentative proposition of Lloyd George of two years and more ago. This was the first great expression of the demand among all the working classes of Great Britain for the taxation of land values (which are socially created) as being right in itself for all periods and as being right and necessary in supporting the cost of the war."

Extermination of all building concerns in the country which are fair to organized labor will be the first move in the war to crush union labor launched by the giant eighty-billion-dollar Industrial Conference Board.

Already, thru financial manipulation, the Metal Trades Association of the board has acquired control of the large Norcross Bros. Building Company at Worcester, Mass. With this as a basis, the crusade against organized labor is to be continued in the building trades until the industry has become an open shop one. Later, this immense anti-labor trust is to use its colossal force and power for industrial warfare in the other trades, unless labor, thru a united front, bars the way of this board in its efforts to wipe out organized labor among workers.

Battle In Wisconsin

In municipal elections just held in Norway the Socialists have made sweeping gains. The elections were first held in rural districts and later in the cities. Returns have not all been received of results in the cities, but the countryside, contrary to expectations and custom, has shown strong Socialist growth. In the smaller towns the net gains of the Socialists were 515 seats, and all other parties are included in the loss column. It is likely that the complete returns will show that Norway is about ready for a complete turnover at the next Parliament election.

Amend State Constitution.

At the opening of the session Senator Arnold will introduce several amendments to the state constitution, among other things giving the state the right to incur more indebtedness than at present in order to make possible needed public improvements.

This is especially the case with such projects as storage plants, elevators or other state undertakings by which the people would profit and escape from private holdups. It is claimed the state is now tied up and has not the leeway that it should have. A reasonable limit of indebtedness, say 5 or 10 per cent of the total tax valuation, would enable many pressing things to be considered, it is said.

Families To Madison.

Several of the Socialist legislators will live with their families in Madison during the session. Several others, including Senators Arnold and Raguse, Assemblymen Kent, Smith, Poor, Ohl and Jordan will secure a large room in which to sleep and will thus be able to caucus on legislative matters with the greatest facility.

The bills to be introduced will be mostly platform pledge bills, state federation of labor bills, and the like. Health insurance will be one of the big labor bills; anti-injunction bills and others of like nature that were introduced at the last session will be fought for with renewed vigor this year. Assemblyman Metcalfe has in hand the general eight-hour bill that has been up for the past two years, while an effort will be made to have the state printing done under eight-hour conditions.

The bills to be introduced will be a semi-monthly payday to state employees at the capitol, and the Socialists will again stand for a minimum wage for store girls and women workers, of \$10. Assemblyman Smith is preparing a measure for a weekly rest day for workers in all principal industries and will make a strong effort to secure its passage.

Regulate Domestic Hours.

The bill of two years ago to permit the state industrial commission to regulate the hours of domestic labor will be introduced. An effort will also be made to clarify the law regarding women workers, so as to wipe out all misunderstanding in the court, in view of the way in which the supreme court modified its own first decision on the subject.

"We intend to lay particular stress on legislation for the farmers," said Assemblyman Kent. "We will again work for a measure to allow the state to build grain elevators and storage houses. This legislation has always met with hearty approval from the farmer members in the legislature and in the last session, also recommended to be killed by the committee because of opposition from the corporations, it was passed in the assembly on first reading by an overwhelming vote, 57 to 30, but when it came up for second reading, the Philipp influence got busy and lined up to beat it out and met defeat."

Following is the list of Socialist legislators: Senators, Louis A. Arnold, William C. Zumach and Frank Raguse. Assemblymen, Henry Ohl, Jr., Fourth district; Gilbert Poor, Fifth district; Herman O. Kent, Ninth district; Glenn P. Turner, Tenth district; William Jordan, Eleventh district; William L. Smith, Twelfth district; Frank B. Metcalfe, Seventeenth district.

Are You A Brute?

By GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK.
If most of the best of our waking hours and energies are consumed in wearing toil for only sufficient wages to purchase scarcely more than cheap food and cheap clothing and cheap shelter for our physical bodies, we are likely to die many years before we are buried—deadened, dead to the splendid pleasures upstairs—above the dead-line. We live downstairs—in the cellar of society.

And that is hell—if you know it; and if you do not know it, you are, to that extent, like a brute, like a lower animal.

Great Start Made In Rand School Contest

Nineteen Enter the Race for an Opportunity to Secure Training in America's Most Democratic and Modern University.

They're off! They're off in the race for knowledge, for education, for training and for achievement. With this issue the great American Scholarship Contest begins in real earnest. Two months time were given to all those who wanted to enter this race to take advantage of this rare opportunity. And tho, in fairness to the contestants listed below no additional competitors should be admitted, we have decided to hold the doors of opportunity open for just a few days more. The positive closing time is six p. m. January 15, 1917. All entrance applications mailed before and up to that hour will be accepted, but positively none that have been mailed later. It is desirable, however, that the applications reach this office by that date at the latest. But, remember, if you do not act up to six o'clock, January 15—this opportunity is gone and gone forever. Use the coupon at the end of this article in applying.

In our issue of November 11, 1916 we outlined in detail the curriculum of study offered by the Rand School of Social Science, of New York City,—the famous school to which our scholarship awards will admit you free of charge. To summarize briefly the courses of study this will enable you to pursue we will just mention a few of the important subjects: Sociology, Economics, Philosophy, Logic, Psychology, Public Speaking and Debating, English, Journalism, History of the Labor Movement Here and Abroad, Municipal Problems, Organization Work.

Everybody entering this contest has an equal chance to win with everybody else. A scholarship will be awarded purely on results attained. There is no "pull", influence, or string pulling. You have to work to win—that's the only way.

The goal you must attain by June 1, 1917 is 2,000 points. Points are earned by securing subscribers to The American Socialist. Every dollar sent in for subs counts as four points; every 25 cent sub as one point. There is no objection to your securing a number of comrades and friends to help you secure the necessary points. A Local or State organization of the Socialist Party may back you up in your efforts to get the 2,000 points. We allow this on the assumption that Locals and State organization will show their co-operation to the applicants they deem most worthy of scholarship, and that the candidate's training will later become an asset to the organization that helped him, after his return from the Rand School.

Comrade Morris K. Friedman, of Kokomo, Ind., did not wait for the official start, but got busy the minute he signed the application blank. Since November 11, Comrade Friedman sent in a total of \$111.25 for sub cards which he is selling as fast as they get to him. This gives him a standing of 445 points—pretty good for a starter, eh? The Young People's Socialist League, of which he is an active member, will probably throw its support to him and clinch the contest.

How about you? Remember, there are FIVE SCHOLARSHIPS to be awarded. The five contestants reaching the 2,000 points before June 1 will get a scholarship. If there's a tie for fifth place, then an extra scholarship will be awarded, thus making SIX in all.

A column headed "Scholarship Contest News" will be published at regular intervals in The American Socialist. In it will appear the names and addresses of the contestants, and their standing. Brief items of news pertaining to the contest will also appear. Short letters from the contestants telling us what they are doing and how they do it will be published. If you are a contest fan then watch for that column, and read it regularly.

Here is the first list of Entrants. Will your name appear here later? It is up to you. If you say "yes", then fill out the coupon below and be sure that it is mailed to us not later than six o'clock p. m. January 15.

Name	Address	Points
Morris K. Friedman, Kokomo, Ind.	445
Mae Garber, Greensburg, Pa.	23
Miss E. W., Holyoke, Mass.	20
P. E. Tomlinson, Winona, Minn.	12
John C. Knowlton, Mason City, Ia.	10
David Weiss, Madison, Wis.	4
George Tigra, Knoxville, Tenn.	2
Robert H. Wilson, Brattleboro, Vt.	—
Wm. Heino, Wilkison, Wash.	—
J. N. Carter, Omaha, Neb.	—
L. M. Osborne, Alliance, O.	—
Max Cernis, Irwin, Pa.	—
Miss Selma E. Kajander, Butte, Mont.	—
Harold F. D. A. Jackson, Los Angeles, Cal.	—
Ernest Leo, Seattle, Wash.	—
Marion L. Lehman, N. Glendale, Cal.	—
Chas. Dolinsell, Mullan, Idaho	—
Conrad L. Friberg, Chicago	—
B. J. S., Gary, Indiana	—

Clip This Coupon

SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST DEPARTMENT, THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST, 803 WEST MADISON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Comrade: Please enter my name in the race for a Rand School of Social Science Scholarship. I am going in to win.

Name.....
Street Address.....
City..... County..... State.....
Age..... Sex..... Previous education.....

Let The Plutes Rule!

By MAX SHEROVER.

Board of Trade Patriotism.
"I was unable to go to the civil war because of my health (naturally it isn't healthy to go to war) but I sent three substitutes, and it was at that time I urged the flying of the American flag every day above the Board of Trade Building."—Ozro W. Clapp, 80 year old stock gambler, in a newspaper interview.

Sh! Hist! Not Intended for the Plebs.
Washington's popular dish is now pork and beans without the beans.—Wall Street Journal.

RUBAIYAT OF WALL STREET.
Now the new hope reviving dying fires,
The thoughtful soul to speculate aspires;
And the lean hand of Shylock and his kin
Puts out some money, which he gladly hires.

Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent
Broker and Broker; and heard great argument
About it and about. Yet evermore
Came out far shrewder than when I went.

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And then I thought I'd sure be in the Know;
And this is all the Wisdom that I gained:
If you buy High, Quotations will be Low!

Some for the glories of the System; Some
Sigh for the Big Fool's Paradise to come.
Ah, take the Cash and let the profits go,
Nor heed the rumble of a Boston Drum.

The System that with Logic Absolute
Both Standard Oil and Copper can Confute;
The Sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
National Lead can into Gold transmute.

Indeed, indeed, at Morgan oft before
I swore. But was I cautious when I swore?
And then came Gay State Gas and Rise-in-Hand;
I plunged—and lost some Fifty Thousand More.

And then that new Prospectus came a Spell,
And robbed me of my Hard-earned Savings. Well
I often wonder what the Magnates buy
One half so precious as the Fools they Sell.

Ah, My Beloved, all goes up in Smoke,
Last Week is past Regret—Today is a Joke;
Tomorrow—why, tomorrow I may be
Myself with Yesterdays Seven Thousand Broke.

You know, My Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I put a Second Mortgage on my House,
So I could buy a lot of Inter—Met—
I even used the Savings of my Spouse.

I sent my soul down where the Magnates flock
To learn the truth about some Worthless Stock
And by and by my Soul returned to Me,
And answered—I myself, have bought a block.

Oh, threats of Curbs and Hopes of Bucket-Shops,
Whether Industrial, Railroads, Mines or Crops;
One thing is certain and the Rest is Lies—
The stock that You have bought Forever Drops.

And if in Vain down on the Stubborn Floor
Of the Exchange, you hazard all your store
You rise today—while Crops are up—how then
Tomorrow, when they fall to Rise no more.

Waste not your Money on Expected Gain
Of this or that Provision, Crop or Grain,
Better be Jocular with Industrials,
Than sudden just because it doesn't Rain.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend
Before we too, into the Pit descend!
Dust unto Dust, and without dust to live,
Sans Stock, sans Bonds, sans Credit and sans Friends.

The Moving Ticker tells. And having told,
Moves on. Nor all your Poverty or Gold
Shall lure it back to Raise one half a Point,
Nor let you realize on what you Hold.

For I remember stopping in the Jam
To watch a Magnate shearing a Poor Lamb.
And with an Eager and Excited Tongue
It murmured "Oh, how fortunate I am!"

No Book of Verses! But a Ticker Tape
Quotation Record and a Daily Page!
A yellow haired Stenographer—perhaps
That Wilderness might be a good escape.

When You and I are Hid within the Tomb
The system still shall lure new Souls to Doom
Which of our coming and Departure heeds
As Wall Street's self should heed a Lawson Boom.

Ah, Love, could You and I lay on the Shelf
This sorry scheme of Ill Begotten Self
Would we not Shiver it to bits, and then
Remould a System just to suit Ourselves.

And They Support A Nation.
According to the United States Department of Labor
there are 20,000,000 wage earners in this country today.

Did You Get Yours?
Two billion dollars in dividends was distributed among
the plutes during 1916.

Progress Under Plute Rule.
(A 1916 Review)
Homicides.
The number of deaths by personal violence of all
kinds in 1916, as reported by telegraph and by the
public press, was 9,850 as compared with 9,230 in 1915,
8,251 in 1914. All of which shows progress.

Embezzlements.
The record of financial crime in 1916 shows an IN-
crease of \$1,831,375 over that of 1915. More progress!

Railroad Casualties.
The newspaper reports show that during 1916 the
number of trainmen and passengers killed was 6,900;
injured 68,700—indicating an INCREASE over 1915.

Suicides.
Self-murder INCREASES in the United States. Total
suicides for 1916 are 14,695 as compared with 14,180 in
1915, 13,965 in 1914, 13,103 in 1913, 12,981 in 1912—
all of which spells progress.

Government Murders.
The number of "legal" murders in 1916 was 115.

Dependency.
INCREASES in 1916 of approximately 75 per cent
in dependency cases over those of 1915 for the city of
Chicago are shown in the annual report of the Juvenile
Court. Prosperity and progress! Let the Plutes Rule!

The Why of Preparedness.
American Bankers have made KNOWN loans to
foreign countries to the amount of more than two bil-
lion dollars. Only a modern navy could collect the in-
terest on that. Let the Plutes Rule!

Why Logicians Cannot Be Editorial Writers.
The proceedings in the federal court show lucidly
that neither the climate, economic conditions nor any
of the large "causes" so uncritically ascribed is the
reason. By direct questions Judge Landis has dragged
the essential explanation into the light of day. Crime
continues because it pays the men chosen to combat it.
—Chicago Herald.

Let the Wealth Producers Rule!

IN THE WORLD OF LABOR.

By Max S. Hayes.

THAT THE Australian workers are determined to rid themselves of their conservative and reactionary leaders is now definitely settled in a brief cable from Melbourne stating that at an extraordinary convention of the Labor party in that city 67 members of the National and State Parliaments were expelled from the party. It had already been stated in this paper that National Premier Hughes and half a dozen other great labor leaders (?) were fired from the party membership, and a drastic action cabled from the Melbourne convention indicates that the rank and file are even more radical than we judged them from Australian labor exchanges. Hughes and his cohorts, who played into the hands of the conservative-Liberal fusion party by attempting to force conscription on the people, are in utter disgrace and can do one of two things, viz: join the Conservative-Liberal cabal outright or form some sort of a dual Labor party. The fusion bosses, having used the fatheaded laborites, probably have no further love for them, and a fake labor party won't get very far in Australia. Here is one of the most remarkable occurrences in the history of labor, where it has risen and kicked its alleged leaders almost into the gutter of obscurity. These stalwart Australians don't stand for palaver and bunk.

LABOR unions are neglecting their own interests by failure to keep informed on the changes taking place in the churches. Prof. Harry F. Ward, Boston, secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, declared in a speech before the Kansas City (Mo.) Industrial Council. "You know what has happened in the last few years in the political world," he said. "The old leaders have been deposed and their places taken by a new generation with entirely new political creeds. The same thing is happening in the religious world. The old leaders are changing the whole emphasis of religious teaching." The churches, Ward said, are planning a great propaganda for the shorter workday on the ground that it is necessary for the religious, moral and physical welfare of the workers.

GREAT indignation has been aroused in Chicago as a result of the imprisonment for contempt of court of two striking employees of the Illinois Malleable Iron Co., who were each given 10 days and fined \$100 for committing the heinous offense of inserting a notice in a Polish newspaper urging that strikers attend the daily mass meetings and that sympathizers keep away from the Malleable plant. Many fair-minded citizens are denouncing Judge Frederick Smith, the injunction tyrant, who rules that not only is free speech forbidden, but also a free press as a means of protest against capitalist oppression. Since the passage of the Clayton law some of the courts are becoming crazier than ever to display their contempt for democracy.

GREAT and unusual praise is being bestowed upon the labor press in Australia by the triumphant workers, who gained a signal victory over a powerful combination of Conservative, Liberal and renegade Labor politicians and capitalists in the conscription struggle. The militarists controlled more than 700 newspapers, while the bonafide labor press included only about a dozen dailies and again as many weeklies. Yet the latter met and successfully demolished every argument advanced by the conscriptionists, and today the labor press of Australia is regarded as the greatest power in the journalistic field and whose future is secure for all time.

STRIKES have broken out in numerous places in Portugal during the past few weeks and government officials declare that a state of insurrection exists. The high cost of living is partly responsible for the situation, while the dispatch of an army corps to France to fight on the side of the Allies is also given as a reason for the outbreak. The workers are opposed to war, but force is being used to press them into service.

CANADIAN workers are opposed to the swamping of their country with unemployed men, even tho the war seems to afford an excuse. Protest against the importation of alien labor into Canada from the United States to work in munition plants, and especially in construction work until such time as it is shown that there is a shortage of that class of labor in Canada, has been made to the government by a delegation of officials from the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress.

Christmas On The Border

(Written especially for The American Socialist by a gunsman in Texas, Dec. 25, 1916.)
A soldier woke on Christmas day,
On duty at the border,
He cursed the day that he was born
Tho 'twas against the order.

He groped about to find his socks
For he must rush to muster.
He found a cat on a shelf within,
And feelingly he cursed her.

"Just see what Santa Claus has brought",
He said then to his "bunkie".
Then brushed the ants from off his pants,
And chattered like a monkey.

A rattlesnake within his shirt
Began him to hiss.
He took a bat at a spider fast,
But, being mad, he missed her.

"Oh, comrade, tell me true, I pray
When will this war be over?
Then will I seek the dear old farm
And ever dwell in clover."

"Assembly" sounded as he spoke
He beat it quick, you betcher.
The "top" was out with a lusty clout,
To land him on a stretcher.

NOTE—The "top" is soldier's vernacular for the Tent Sergeant.

Now that Mr. Hughes is off the supreme bench he has become a corporation lawyer. But of course he cannot serve the corporations as well there as he could on the bench.

What a crazy system this is. The food monopolists dump tons of food into the ocean in order to boost prices, and the economists of the dry goods boxes swear off on eating in order to force prices down.

The head of the army says that the American people simply will not enlist to defend such a country as we have from imaginary foes, therefore he wants to make them do it. Who says the army will obey him when he gets it?

The president is between his Satanic majesty and the deep, deep ocean. If he doesn't put an embargo on foodstuffs, the American workers will starve, and if he does the American plutes will shut down on industry and the workers will starve.

Now that the allies are shutting down on their purchases of munitions from America, the autocrats of industry will demand that the nation buy munitions and go to slaughtering others under penalty of being starved to death.

Capitalism has made such a great success of employing all the people and keeping them from want that it has the nerve to talk efficiency in government and to demand that democracy be set aside for its administration.

The many donations made everywhere for "the poor" during this Christmas period of great prosperity is a tacit admission that the system under which we are living is a failure, and it will demonstrate once again that charity can never cure the disease of poverty.

The corporations that are handing bonuses to their employees, are in many cases the very ones that deny them the eight hour day and simple justice. They are merely advertising like the olden hypocritical pharisee did.

NOT ONE WORD.

We have been anxiously watching the capitalist press fearing that it might violate its traditions and say something about the anti-high cost of living bill introduced in congress by the Socialist representative, Meyer London, from New York City. But we have watched in vain. Not one word has appeared about the Socialist remedy for the food problem as introduced in congress by London. You must turn to the Socialist press to get the truth.

WE TOLD YOU SO.

Sooner than expected comes the report of the acquittal of William Towl, former Socialist mayor of Two Harbors, Minn., on the charge of bribery "framed" against him by the lickspittles of the United States Steel Corporation. It took a jury only a few minutes, after it had heard the evidence, to bring in a verdict of "not guilty".

It was brought out that the prosecuting witness, a convicted blind pigger, whose place had been raided, thought he was going to get back at the Socialist administration by helping to "frame" a case against the Socialist official.

Ernest G. Strand, the present Socialist mayor of Two Harbors, has just been elected a member of the Minnesota legislature, writes he expects to be acquitted just as quickly on a similar charge brought against him.

Thus another plute plot to discredit Socialist officials has come to naught. And the plute press, which it heralded the night of the Socialist officials all over the nation, says not one word about their acquittal.

We Can't Get Too Much Of The "Plute Column".

Speaking From Knowledge.
Administration will probably accomplish peace on the same lines as the effort to lower the cost of living.—Wall Street Journal.

One of the best influences upon America from this war is that it will teach Americans to think internationally.—Wall Street Journal.

A Case of Dog Trying to Catch up With His Tail.
(Only that the tail never gets farther away from the dog.)
Wages in the United States increased 10 per cent during 1916 over those of 1915, says the Annual Financial Review, of The Chicago Herald on one page and on the second page it proves by charts and figures that the cost of living took a rise of 40 per cent in many instances and a general average rise of between 17 and 20 per cent. Our wealth producers' standard of living, is therefore 7 to 10 per cent lower in these days of prosperity than it was before prosperity struck us square in the stomach. Let the Plutes Rule!

The Machine Age.
A "chronograph" recently placed on the market records the date, hour and minute that a clerk opens a store. This tell-tale machine is setting many alarm clocks ringing.

H. C. of L. in Arizona.
As a reader of your column I take great interest in the different items. I see a piece about the Chicago health commissioner and his forty cent diet squad. But you can tell him and his bunch of tenderfeet that we have them skinned a mile out here in Arizona. We are doing it on twenty cents a day. It is easily seen he was raised round the windy city. Now don't think that we don't work. We are plaser-unnng every day and chopping wood. If one wants my bill-of-fare I will send it on the condition that he pays postage as it would raise the cost of living.—Wm. Pennycock, Prescott, Ariz.

The South Wants The Negro.
(Not that they love him more, but that they fear that the "imported white" may not want to work as cheap.)
If the colored race should all leave we would have to import a class of white labor that would prove infinitely worse than the colored race, and it would be a race of which we have no understanding. We need the colored people, and we should continue to see that he gets justice when suspected of any kind of a crime, and given a fair trial in courts and as long as he behaves will be given safety. Lynching colored people in parts of this state, for the only reason that a relative has committed some crime, is enough to cause them to leave Georgia.

The Southern people, as a whole are the colored man's best friend. It doesn't take him much to find that out when he goes North. When the negro is gone his loss will be felt in every large agricultural section and every industrial community in the South. For the average white man cannot do the heavier work at the saw mill, naval stores, plants and in many lines of manufacture that is now done by the negro. As a consequence, these plants and many large plantations must stand idle or import (!) a class of white labor that will be a great deal worse than the black. And, when it is too late, the people will have driven home the fact that the negro is the best class of labor of its kind in the world.—Greensboro (Georgia) Herald-Journal.

Dangers Of Monroe Doctrine

By JOHN SPARGO.

(Address delivered at the Dinner of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, New York, December 29th, 1916.)

In his very interesting and suggestive address, my good friend and colleague, Mr. Hillquit, dwelt at some length upon our national economic self-sufficiency, our freedom from dependence upon other nations for the necessities of life, and our consequent ability to live in complete isolation. As I listened I could not help feeling that, nevertheless, for nations as well as for individuals such isolation is impossible. Long ago it was observed with profound wisdom and truth that "no man liveth unto himself alone", and it is likewise profoundly true that no nation can live unto itself alone. For good or ill, the destinies of mankind are inextricably interwoven. It is not possible for a hundred millions of people to occupy a large part of the globe, and to possess a large part of the riches of the world, without establishing relations with the rest of mankind of the utmost possible importance.

Of the portion of the earth which we inhabit, and of its vast treasures, we are, I take it, trustees. If we attempt to isolate ourselves, to selfishly monopolize the vast gifts and opportunities over which we have authority, we shall invite the envy and hatred of those whom we exclude, and ultimately their determination to wrest them from us. No! We are interdependent. There is no isolation of self-sufficiency, we attempt to ignore the claims of the rest of mankind and insist upon a narrow and selfish monopoly of our gifts and opportunities, whether thru high tariffs or immigrant exclusion laws, for example, we shall find ourselves the object of envy, resentment and hate and soon or late embroiled in war. There is no isolation for any nation. That, I take it, is one of the cardinal principles of a sound Socialist international policy.

I have been asked to speak upon the Monroe Doctrine, but I ask your indulgence for another prefatory word. For reasons which I need not here enlarge upon, but which are perfectly well understood, we are not accustomed to serious and intelligent study of foreign policies. Events of great importance are often treated with indifference. Take the projected purchase from Denmark of the group of islands known as the Danish West Indies: I have been painfully disappointed that no word in opposition to the purchase has come from our Socialist Congressmen. Why are we to purchase the islands? For no earthly purpose except to provide a naval base. The purchase is but another link in the long chain of naval and military expansion, and is bound to be regarded as a threat by other great nations. I have been more disappointed than I can say that there has been no opposition to the sale by the powerful Social Democratic Party of

Denmark. So long as Denmark retains the islands they are necessarily to all intents and purposes neutralized as surely as if they were under an international government. Sold to any great power, they become another link in the chain of militarism, another provocative of war.

In discussing the Monroe Doctrine one treads on dangerous ground. It is not too much to say that no single principle of our political life, no characteristic political institution, is regarded with quite the same reverence. To criticize it is to invite rebuke; to assail it is to invite the taunt of being a coward and a traitor. Nevertheless, I venture to believe the time has come to proclaim that the Monroe Doctrine, in its late development, is mischievous, full of peril and ought to be abandoned.

During the rather hysterical agitation for increased military and naval "preparedness" which preceded the later presidential election, we were again and again told that a vastly bigger army and navy must be provided if the sacred Monroe Doctrine is to be preserved. I am disposed to agree to that, and to concede that we can only maintain that doctrine as the basis of our foreign relations by means of a vast aggregation of brute force. As it is understood today by the capitalist class of America, the Monroe Doctrine is a constant menace to the place of the world, a standing invitation to war.

When the Pan-American Congress was welcomed to Washington by Mr. Lansing, then Acting Secretary of State, he was replied to by the representative of Chile, if my memory serves me aright. The keynote of that reply was the profound disappointment of the nations of Central and South America, republics like ourselves let it be remembered, that the United States expressed no intention of democratizing the Monroe Doctrine and bringing it into accord with present day needs, of expanding it into a democratic confederation of American republics.

As it has come to be understood, the Monroe Doctrine establishes a protectorate by the United States over all the other American republics. Not in their interests, nor at their request, but in our own interest and of our own will, we have virtually established a protectorate over the entire continent. In face of the fact that sovereignty is held over a large part of the continent by great nations like Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Mexico, Colombia, and the rest, we have presumed to assert that their destiny shall be subject to our supervision, that the destiny of the entire continent must be determined by us. That is oligarchic and despotic: it is not democratic, but imperialistic. It is of the very essence of empire.

This oligarchic and imperialistic doctrine is perhaps the greatest single source of danger of warlike

attack to which we are likely to be exposed at any time in the near future. The capitalist system is not destined to pass away very soon. It will last for some time to come. The laws of social evolution preclude the hope that the vast area of the republics of South and Central America, with their abundant and magnificent natural resources, will escape exploitation by the capitalists of other lands. Unless we abandon the Monroe Doctrine as it is now understood, in favor of a policy of common action by all the republics of the continent, acting together as equals, we shall find ourselves involved in war. For more and more the Monroe Doctrine is being interpreted to mean "A monopoly of opportunity to exploit Central and South American resources for United States capital."

Truly, the time has come for us Socialists to protest against this antiquated and dangerous doctrine. It is best for us, however, to adopt a constructive policy with regard to it rather than a policy of destruction and negation. We shall not go very far by calling simply for the abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine. We may go far by urging its modernization and democratization. Instead of urging that it be cast aside, placed in the dusty museum of political antiquities, we shall be wiser and far more likely to succeed if we urge the need of its reconstruction. The time is ripe for such a reconstruction.

We have heard from Mr. Hillquit once again of the great and august conception of a Federation of the World. Such, we may well believe, is the goal to which our poor human-kind is blindly staggering thru all the blood and travail of the centuries. But world federation will not come all at once, fullgrown. It must emerge gradually. Meantime, here on this continent, we have the elements ready for a great federation of republics. Indeed, a beginning has been made. The reconstruction of the Monroe Doctrine into a democratic federation of fraternal and equal nations acting together for the common good is immediately practicable. As a step toward a Federation of the World its importance is obvious.

The working women voted in the recent election about the same as did the working men. To secure the ballot for woman is not to enfranchise her but only to place in her hands one of the instruments of her enfranchisement. The hand that wields the ballot must be guided by the head that thinks if good instead of harm is to be accomplished and if slavery is to end in emancipation.

COMRADES.

Norris Cartoon Leaflets are the biggest little bit of propaganda stuff ever issued. You need, need, need them to crack those plute nuts with. Feel yourself with a bunch. Issued monthly, 12 cts. per 100. Post paid. Samples for stamp.

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Easy to start—easy to make big money if you will just follow instructions and work faithfully. No charge for territory. 200% profit for agents. Business supplies capital. Exclusive protection, co-operation and assistance. Failure impossible. Nothing to risk. Success assured.

Easy to demonstrate—and every woman is anxious to see it work—then she would not do without it. No talking necessary. Just show the machine and take the order—one dollar profit on every sale you make. Send for application blank and complete information today—free. Investigate. Get the proof. Don't delay. Write a postal card or letter right now. Territory is limited—write today.

women will not do without it for ten times its cost. One agent wrote: "It was easier for me to learn to sell the Quickedge than it was to learn to tear open my pay envelope in my former dollar-a-day job." Get out of the dollar-a-day class. Get this position, where profits start the first day.

No Experience Required

Just take one of the machines to any house and show it—give a ten-second demonstration upon the duplex knife in the house; the order is yours right on the spot! Instantly. No talking necessary. No argument. The machine simply sells itself, and stays sold. Every customer becomes your friend. They tell others; your profits double and multiply. Leave one hundred on trial overnight. Collect the cash for every one of them next day. The machine will do its own talking; it is so easy to operate, no explanations or instructions are necessary. Secure your county now; free. Get started right now and

Make as Much Money Next Week as These Men are Making Now

J. C. Lewis, of Kansas, says: "I have sold one hundred Sharpener in four days." Hobart Kerr, of Md., writes: "The women can hardly wait till they get them." Herbert Cain, of Ky., sold nine after

supper. At the end of his first day, J. W. Gordon, of Pa., writes: "I have sold two dozen, and I sold to everyone I saw." Wm. G. Hall, of N. J., says: "I think it is great. I sold six in about one-half hour. The machine is a mighty fine proposition. I am a mechanic, and I know what I am talking about." Peter Courtland, of Mich., writes: "I received your sharpener and opened it in a barber shop. I ground his shears, and I got an order for one right on the spot." H. A. Henkel, of Va., says: "I have examined it and find it a wonderful little machine. The workmanship is simply perfect." Frank King, Colo., says: "Sample received Saturday. Sent out Monday afternoon for about three hours and received one dozen orders. From \$12.00 to \$15.00. I have sold three more orders. I have sold one more. When you sharpen an old dull knife, dull as a hoe, in less than a minute, they sit up and look." Ray Carter, of Mass., writes: "I went out two days and have orders for thirty sharpens. Profit \$30.00 for first two days. John Durr, of Wis., also says: 'I have sold thirty in two days.'

You can make this money. Send now. Territory free. Get busy.

WRITE TODAY

The Quickedge Sharpener Co.
No. 2177, Desplaine St., Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN SOCIALIST

Official Organ of the Socialist Party of the United States.

J. L. ENGBAUM, Editor

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1917.

ROLL OF HONOR

"I am starting the new year off right and intend to keep it up," writes Comrade Herbert E. Schultz, as he sends in a list of subs.

"This is only a start. I am going to act as an agent for The American Socialist among the Finnish workers of this city," writes Comrade John August Kowalski, of Newcastile, Pa., as he sends in 17 subs.

State Secretary Otto Vierling, of Missouri, ordered \$10 worth of the 40-week sub cards before Jan. 1, in order to be on the safe side. The subscription price is now 25 cents for six months and 50 cents yearly. Instead of getting 40 week subs for 25 cents, get them for six months.

"We are planning to put every voter in this county on the mailing list of The American Socialist," is the message that comes from Comrade Lester C. Coy, propagandist secretary at Alpha, Ohio.

"We will give the pluses a run for their money in the next national election," writes Comrade James W. Harris, of Stevensville, Mich. "One thing occurred in the last election that to my mind seems significant; that is, the party with the greatest campaign fund failed to win. This is the first time in history that money failed to rule completely, which shows that the people are beginning to think a little about their thoughts are badly twisted." Comrade Harris sends in his fourth list of subs since the election.

"Don't let any Socialist go to sleep," writes Comrade H. R. Fulk, of Greentown, Ind. "With every Socialist working, Socialism would be so near we could reach it via wireless. See that they get busy."

"I just thought that our own paper would need a few names to boost the subscription list after the campaign," writes Comrade T. Roy Smith, of Clarkburg, W. Va., as he sends in a list of four.

There Is A Reason For The High Cost Of Paper

By MAX SHEROVER.

YES, THERE is a good reason for the high price of paper. There is a reason for the fact that more than 1,000 struggling papers have been driven out of existence. There is a reason why hundreds of papers were compelled to raise the subscription price of their paper as the only escape out of two alternatives: either sell their conscience to the advertisers or descend into the graveyard of American journalism. There is a reason why the free and independent, the fighting and outspoken press is about to disappear. And there is a reason why, unless there is a public awakening, the doom of a free press is sealed.

That reason is—CAPITALISM.

That reason is—the private ownership of a public necessity.

That reason is—the pathetic indifference of the workers to the vital problems of the age.

The elaborate investigation of the Federal Trade Commission at Washington which spent weeks to find some other than the foregoing reasons concluded,—tho reluctantly, and tho not admitting in so many words,—that nothing else than capitalism is the real reason for the criminal advance in the price of paper.

The thing that it took a federal commission weeks to discover every socialist who knows his socialist alphabet knew long ago. The American Socialist will continue publication no matter what the paper trust plutes and their cohorts may do.

The American Socialist will continue to wage the fight for the abolition of capitalism, and the harder the paper trust and capitalism press us, the harder will we fight back.

The American Socialist can do this because back of it, and forming an integral part of it, is an army that knows no fear, an army that is resolute in its purpose and will accept no compromise, an army that will not give up until its efforts are crowned with complete and undisputed victory.

This unvanquishable and invulnerable army are the readers of The American Socialist and back of them is the entire Socialist movement.

The response coming to our first sound of alarm has fired us with renewed determination. Our desk is staggering with an avalanche of letters hailing from every corner of this country urging us on to keep up the good work, pledging undivided support, suggesting plans and means and invariably concluding with: "We will go down the line with you to the last trench, and then some. Raise the price of the paper, if you must. We are with you till the last remains of capitalism are swept off the earth."

In next week's issue an important announcement will be made. The National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party will go over the whole matter and reach a decision. And in the mean time there must be no let up in increasing the circulation of this paper. Our army of readers must be increased constantly. Everyone of you, readers, are recruiting officers in this great army. You must enlist new men and women and more of them all the time so that our power may increase, so that our resistance to capitalism may assume gigantic proportions, so that the day of emancipation may be brought nearer.

For the time being, and until further announcements the subscription price will be only FIFTY CENTS per year—altho one dollar a year would be fair. Six months for 25 cents. Show us that you are with us by each of you resolving to send in at least two subscribers between now and February 1. Until then, no matter what the decision may be, we will accept subscriptions at the 50 cent per year rate. It may have to go higher after February 1, therefore make the most of what you can at this low price.

AMERICAN SOCIALIST,
803 W. MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Comrades:—

For the enclosed please send me month
sub cards to The American Socialist. (six or twelve months.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Henry Dubb Has Nothing To Risk — But The Boss Has Lots Of Worries

By RYAN WALKER



VICTORY AT CAMAS, WASH.

The Socialist party of Camas, Wash., has elected a mayor and the councilman-at-large, and came within a few votes of electing all the ward councilmen, three in number. O. T. Clark, Socialist nominee for mayor, won over H. MacMaster, the most prominent merchant in town, and at present mayor, by 44 votes. J. S. McAllister, for councilman-at-large, beat his opponent, who is also a merchant, by one vote. The three ward councilmen on the citizens ticket were elected by majorities ranging from 2 to 6 votes. Camas is a little manufacturing city of about 3,000 people. The city campaign was perhaps the hottest ever waged.

Do you sometimes feel discouraged? That is the very time for you to brace up and speak a word of cheer to your discouraged fellow-man.

The right of woman to vote was never questioned by any man of sufficient intelligence to make proper use of his own vote.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

By JACK LONDON.

Copyright By Jack London.

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST CHAPTER.—The gold rush for Alaska is on. Dogs are needed to haul the sleds over the northern snows. Buck, king among dogs, is stolen from his home in the Santa Clara Valley, Cal., shipped to Seattle, beaten into submission and sold to Perrault, agent for the Canadian government. Then he is taken aboard a steamer bound for the Northland. As the boat arrives at its destination, he is brought on deck and experiences his first snow. Now go on with the story.

THE LAW OF CLUB AND FANG.

Chapter II.

BUCK'S first day on the Dyea beach was like a nightmare. Every hour was filled with shock and surprise. He had been suddenly jerked from the heart of civilization and flung into the heart of things primordial. No lazy, sun-kissed life was this, with nothing to do but loaf and be bored. Here was neither peace, nor rest, nor a moment's safety. All was confusion and action, and every moment life and limb were in peril. There was imperative need to be constantly alert; for these dogs and men were not town dogs and men. They were savages, all of them, who knew no law but the law of club and fang.

He had never seen dogs fight as these wolfish creatures fought, and his first experience taught him an unforgettable lesson. It is true, it was a vicarious experience, else he would not have lived to profit by it. Curly was the victim. They were camped near the log store, where she, in her friendly way, made advances to a husky dog the size of a full-grown wolf, tho not half so large as she. There was no warning, only a leap in like a flash, a metallic clip of teeth, a leap out equally swift, and Curly's face was ripped open from eye to jaw.

It was the wolf manner of fighting, to strike and leap away; but there was more to it than this. Thirty or forty huskies ran to the aid of Curly, surrounded the combatants in an instant and silent circle. Buck did not comprehend that silent intentness, nor the eager way with which they were licking their chops. Curly rushed her antagonist, who struck again and leaped aside. He met her next rush with his chest, in a peculiar fashion that tumbled her off her feet. She never regained them. This was what the on-lookers had waited for. They closed in upon her, snarling and yelping, and she was buried, screaming with agony, beneath the bristling mass of bodies.

So sudden was it, and so unexpected, that Buck was taken aback. He saw Spitz run out his scarlet tongue in a way he had of laughing; and he saw Francois, swinging an axe, spring into the mess of dogs. Three men with clubs were helping him to scatter them. It did not take long. Two minutes from the time Curly went down, the last of her assailants were clubbed off. But she lay there limp and lifeless in the bloody, trampled snow, almost literally torn to pieces, the smart half-breed standing over her and cursing horribly. The scene often came back to Buck to trouble him in his sleep. So that was the way. No fair play. Once down, that was the end of you. Well, he would see to it that he never went down. Spitz ran out his tongue and laughed again, and from that moment Buck hated him with a bitter and deathless hatred.

Before he had recovered from the shock caused by the tragic passing of Curly, he received another shock. Francois fastened upon him an arrangement of straps and buckles. It was a harness, such as he had seen the groomers put on the horses at home. And as he had seen horses work, so he was set to work hauling Francois on a sled to the forest that fringed the valley, and returning with a load of firewood. Tho his dignity was sorely hurt by thus being made a draught animal, he was too wise to rebel. He buckled down with a will and did his best, tho it was all new and strange. Francois was stern, and by virtue of his whip receiving instant obedience; while Dave, who was an experienced wheeler, nipped Buck's hind quarters whenever he was in error. Spitz was the leader, likewise experienced, and while he could not always get at Buck, he growled sharp reproof now and again, or cunningly threw his weight in the traces to jerk Buck into the way he should go. Buck learned easily, and under the combined tuition of his two mates and Francois made remarkable progress. Ere they returned to camp he knew enough to stop at "ho," to go ahead at "mush," to swing wide on the bends, and to keep clear of the wheeler when the loaded sled shot downhill at their heels.

"Tree vair' good dogs," Francois told Perrault. "Dat Buck, heem pool

lak hell, I tich heem queeck as anything."

By afternoon, Perrault, who was in a hurry to be on the trail with his despatches, returned with two more dogs. "Billee" and "Joe" he called them, two brothers, and true huskies both. Sons of the one mother tho they were, they were as different as day and night. Billee's one fault was his excessive good nature, while Joe was the very opposite, sour and in-
trospective, with a perpetual snarl and a malignant eye. Buck received them in comradely fashion. Dave ignored them, while Spitz proceeded to thrash his tail appealingly, turned to run when he saw that appeasement was of no avail, and cried (still appealingly) when Spitz's sharp teeth scored his flank. But no matter how Spitz circled, Joe whirled around on his heels to face him, mane bristling, ears laid back, lips writhing, and snarling, jaws clipping together as fast as he could snap, and eyes diabolically gleaming—the incarnation of belligerent fear. So terrible was his appearance that Spitz was forced to forego disciplining him; but to cover his own discomfiture he turned upon the inoffensive and wailing Billee and drove him to the confines of the camp.

By evening Perrault secured another dog, an old husky, long and lean and gaunt, with a battle-scarred face and a single eye which flashed a warning of prowess that commanded respect. He was called Sol-leks, which means the Angry One. Like Dave, he asked nothing, gave nothing, expected nothing; and when he marched slowly and deliberately into their midst, even Spitz left him alone. He had one peculiarity which Buck was unlucky enough to discover. He did not like to be approached on his blind side. Of this offense Buck was unwittingly guilty, and the first knowledge he had of his indiscretion was when Sol-leks whirled upon him and slashed his shoulder to the bone for three inches up and down. Forever after Buck avoided his blind side, and to the last of their comradeship had no more trouble. His only apparent ambition, like Dave's, was to be left alone; tho as Buck was afterward to learn, each of them possessed one other and even more vital ambition.

That night Buck faced the great problem of sleeping. The tent, illumined by a candle, glowed warmly in the midst of the white plain; and when he, as a matter of course, entered it, both Perrault and Francois bombarded him with curses and cooking utensils, till he recovered from his consternation and fled ignominiously into the outer cold. A chill wind was blowing that nipped him sharply and bit with especial venom into his wounded shoulder. He lay down on the snow and attempted to sleep, but the frost soon drove him shivering to his feet. Miserable and disconsolate, he wandered about among the many tents, only to find that no place was as cold as another. Here and there savage dogs rushed upon him, but he bristled his neck-hair and snarled (for he was learning fast), and they let him go his way unmolested.

Finally an idea came to him. He would return and see how his own team-mates were making out. To his astonishment, they had disappeared. Again he wandered about thru the great camp, looking for them, and again he returned. Where they in the tent? No, that could not be, else he would have been driven out. Then where could they possibly be? With drooping tail and shivering body, very forlorn indeed, he aimlessly circled the tent. Suddenly the snow gave way beneath his fore legs and he sank down. Something wriggled under his feet. He sprang back, bristling and snarling, fearful of the unseen and unknown. But a friendly little yelp reassured him, and he went back to investigate. A white, furry animal, crouded to his nostrils, and then curled up under the snow in a snug bag, lay Billee. He whined pleadingly, squirmed and wriggled to show his good will and intentions, and even ventured, as a bribe for peace, to lick Buck's face with his warm wet tongue.

Another lesson. So that was the way they did it, eh? Buck confidently selected a spot, and with much fuss and waste effort proceeded to dig a hole for himself. In a trice the heat from his body filled the confined space and he was asleep. The day had been long and arduous, and he slept soundly and comfortably, tho he growled and barked and wrestled with bad dreams.

Nor did he open his eyes till roused by the noises of the waking camp. At first he did not know where he was. It had snowed during the night and he was completely buried. The snow walls pressed him on every side, and

a great surge of fear swept thru him—the fear of the wild thing for the trap. It was a token that he was harking back thru his own life to the lives of his forebears; for he was a civilized dog, an unduly civilized dog, and of his own experience knew no trap and so could not of himself fear it. The muscles of his whole body contracted spasmodically and instinctively, the hair on his neck and shoulders stood on end, and with a furious snarl he bounded straight up into the blinding day, the snow flying about him in a flashing cloud. Ere he landed on his feet, he saw the white camp spread out before him and knew where he was and remembered all that had passed from the time he went for a stroll with Manuel to the hole he had dug for himself the night before.

A shout from Francois hailed his appearance. "Wot I say?" the dog-driver cried to Perrault. "Dat Buck for sure learn queeck as anything." Perrault nodded gravely. As courier for the Canadian Government, bearing important despatches, he was anxious to secure the best dogs, and he was particularly gladdened by the possession of Buck.

Three more huskies were added to the team inside an hour, making a total of nine, and before another quarter of an hour had passed they were in harness and swinging up the trail toward the Dyea Canon. Buck was glad to be gone, and tho the work was hard he found he did not particularly despise it. He was surprised at the eagerness which animated the whole team and which was communicated to him; but still more surprising was the change wrought in Dave and Sol-leks. They were new dogs, utterly transformed by the harness. All passiveness and unconcern had dropped from them. They were alert and active, and anxiously the work should go well, and fiercely irritable with what-
ever, by delay or confusion, retarded that work. The toll of the traces seemed the supreme expression of their being, and all that they lived for, and the only thing in which they took delight.

Dave was wheeler or sled dog, pulling in front of him was Buck, then came Sol-leks; the rest of the team was strung out ahead, single file, to the leader, which position was filled by Spitz.

Buck had been purposely placed between Dave and Sol-leks so that he might receive instruction. Apt scholar that he was, they were equally apt teachers, never allowing him to linger long in error, and enforcing their teaching with their sharp teeth. Dave was fast and very wise. He never nipped Buck without cause, and he never failed to nip him when he stood in need of it. As Francois's whip backed him up, Buck found it to be cheaper to mend his ways than to retaliate. Once, during a brief halt, when he got tangled in the traces and delayed the start, both Dave and Sol-leks flew at him and administered a sound trouncing. The resulting tangle was even worse, but Buck took good care to keep the traces clear thereafter, and ere the day was done, so well had he mastered his work, his mates about ceased nagging him. Francois's whip snapped less frequently, and Perrault even honored Buck by lifting up his feet and carefully examining them.

It was a hard day's run, up the Canon, thru Sheep Camp, past the Scales and the timber line, across glaciers and snowdrifts hundreds of feet deep, and over the great Chilcoat Divide, which stands between the salt water and the fresh and guards forbiddingly the sad and lonely North. They made good time down the chain of lakes which fills the craters of extinct volcanoes, and late that night pulled into the huge camp at the head of Lake Bennett, where thousands of goldseekers were building boats against the break-up of the ice in the spring. Buck made his hole in the snow and slept the sleep of the exhausted, but all too early was routed out in the cold darkness and harnessed with his mates to the sled.

That day they made forty miles, the trail being packed; but the next day, and for many days to follow, they broke their own trail, worked harder, and made poorer time. As a rule, Perrault travelled ahead of the team, packing the snow with webbed shoes to make it easier for them. Francois, guiding the sled at the gee-pole, sometimes exchanged places with him, but not often. Perrault was in a hurry, and he prided himself on his knowledge of ice, which knowledge was indispensable, for the fall ice was very thin, and where there was swift water, there was no ice at all.

(Another Chapter Next Week.)

Send five cents for a sample copy of The New World, Lincoln Plurifer Paper-Magazine, Girard, Kansas. Debs says in the Rip Saw: "It is a live and ambitious publication, and will make a place for itself in the modern struggle for democracy and freedom. It is one of the most unique and original publications that come to our table."

Socialists At Work

NOTE.—What are the Socialists doing in your city county or state? The editor of this column wants to know. Send in the news about your activities. This plea is made especially to local secretaries, state secretaries and other officers of the party. Send all communications to the Editor, "Socialists At Work" Column, 803 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

REORGANIZED FEDERATION OF POLES MAKES WORKING PLANS

Having rid itself of elements which used the Polish Socialist Federation to promote the interests of militaristic groups in Poland, the newly organized Polish Federation has developed a feverish activity in order to put in shape the organization and start the work for which it legitimately exists. Dec. 24-26, delegates representing district organizations in the states of Indiana, Illinois, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin met in Detroit in a conference to discuss the plan for the coming work. The spirit of the delegates was excellent. All are full of hope that the near future will see the Polish workmen in this country flocking in masses into the Socialist Party.

Adopt Important Resolutions.

Here are some of the more important resolutions adopted by the Polish comrades at their conference. In the matter of (1) Organization, (a) To change the old name of the Polish Federation: Polish Section of the Socialist Party. (b) To put in the field paid state organizers as started in Eastern Pennsylvania and upper New York States. (c) To transfer the seat of Federation's Executive Committee to Chicago.

(d) To publish an official weekly of the Federation, devoting the weekly "Gornik Polski" (Polish Miner) entirely to the interests of the mining population in Pennsylvania.

(e) To organize a naturalization campaign among the members of the Federation.

(2) High Cost Of Living.

After stating the causes for the increased cost of living the resolution calls on the Federation's Executive to issue a special leaflet and to arrange mass meetings of protest in which to demand action from the government and congress that they put a stop to the criminal practices of the food trusts.

(3) Militarism And War.

The resolution about militarism and war points out the true character of the present war, denounces the false legend of both warring coalitions that the war is waged for the liberation of oppressed nations, and calls attention to the danger from the rapidly developing imperialistic and militaristic tendencies in this country, which may mean the curtailing of the rights of the working class and the ultimate entangling of this in a disastrous war.

State General Principles.

The general principles and the stand on the Polish question have been outlined in the preamble of the constitution.

Polish Section Socialist Party as an integral part of the American Socialist Party has as its aim the work of education and organization of the Polish workmen for the struggle for Socialism. Based on the principle of class struggle P. S. S. P. considers as the most important task of the working class, the struggle for the capture of political power in order to abolish the capitalist system and introduce Socialism.

Formed in the time of an immense world catastrophe in which all the murderous tendencies of the present system are demonstrated in a crying manner P. S. S. P. takes the position of international Socialism and revolutionary class struggle opposing as destructive to the interests of the working class any compromises with the ruling classes. P. S. S. P. is for an independent policy of the working class on each and all occasions.

P. S. S. P. will appropriate the lesson from the war which fully confirmed the truth of the principles of international Socialism. The war has demonstrated with all clearness that the immensely increasing capitalist production has outgrown the boundaries of the existing now capitalist states. From the growing competition of capitalist groups a new menace arose for the working class in the form of aggressive imperialism. In time of peace the people bow under the yoke of financial burdens for the upkeep of armed forces, in time of war millions of lives and property are sacrificed. The differences between democratic and absolutist or semi-absolutist states are obliterated. The proletariat of all capitalist countries finds itself in the same danger.

A new era of struggles opens for the international working class, an era in which in order to crush finally, the power of capitalism, it will have to close tighter its ranks and fasten itself with strong international ties. Conscious of these aims and duties the P. S. S. P. resists all attempts to draw the Polish working masses in this country into the sphere of official capitalist politics and governmental diplomacy as well as all attempts to educate the masses in the spirit of militarism.

P. S. S. P. reckons with the growth of the power of imperialism all hopes for a just solution of the Polish question by the European government and diplomacy must disappear. Only the united struggle of the international proletariat and the victory over the slogans of the industrial democracy can guarantee liberty to the Polish nation. Therefore the P. S. S. P. considers that by serving the cause of the working class it best serves the Polish cause.

Comrade W. W. Whalen, of Buffalo, Okla., writes that the North-west Encampment Association, famous for the many Socialist encampments it has conducted in Oklahoma, is again on the job. It is planned to hold about 40 encampments the coming season. "The people must know the truth," he writes.